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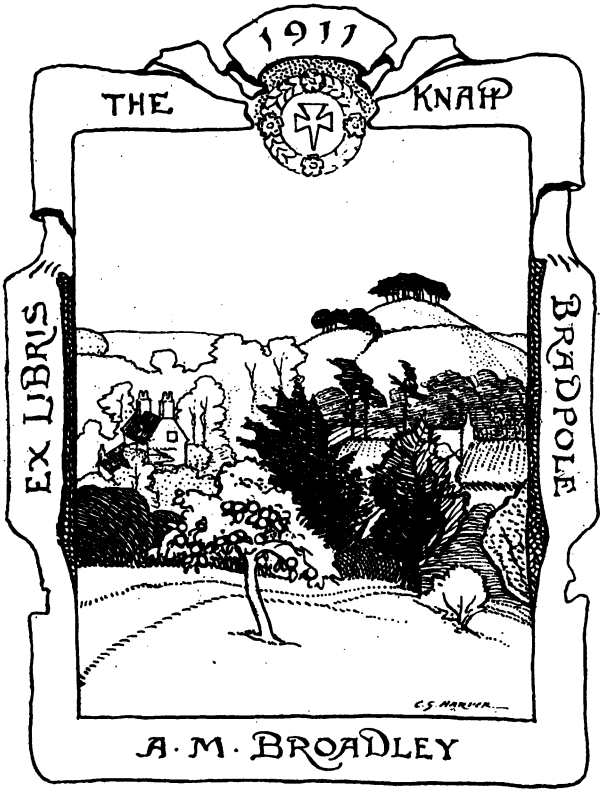

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4/-

THE

WARNING DRUM,

A CALL TO THE

PEOPLE OF ENGLAND

TO RESIST

INVADERS.

BY T. NEWENHAM, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF AN "OBSTACLE TO THE AMBITION OF FRANCE," &c, &c.

Est magis atque magis,———
Clarescunt sonitus, armorumque ingruit horror.

LONDON:

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THE

WARNING DRUM.

THE present war with France differs, in many respects, from all the wars in which we have hitherto been engaged with that nation. In former wars we had allies; or at least were not without hopes of ultimate succour—The French were under the necessity of providing against the probable enterprizes of their continental neighbours. —They confined themselves to *threatening* us with invasion—They never seriously thought of the *conquest* of England—Danger was at a distance—Our soldiers and seamen defended their country in foreign climates. But in the present war, we stand alone; and are likely to do so—The French may safely employ their whole force against us.—They are determined on invading us; having no other way left to annoy us—The

conquest of England engages the whole attention, and will concentrate all the energies of the Usurper of France, because no other power in Europe shews the least disposition to limit his ambition—Danger is at hand —We must *all* prepare to fight for our Liberty, our Religion, our families, our properties, and all that is dear to us, on our native shores, perhaps in the centre of England.

The conquest of our foreign possessions might have no other effects than to lower our funds, narrow our commerce, and diminish our publick revenue: but the conquest of England, if indeed such an event were possible, would necessarily be accompanied by calamities of singular and inconceivable magnitude.

The sufferings of the Dutch, who were the allies of France; the sufferings of the Swiss, who were the unoffending neighbours of France; the sufferings of the Hanoverians, who were the unresisting, nominal enemies of France; the sufferings

of the French people, and even of the French soldiers themselves, stand almost unparalleled in the history of civilized Europe. What then are *we* to expect, in the event of a successful invasion? What are *we* to expect, who have waged so long and so bloody a war with France? What are *we* to expect, who brought together and supported the arms which attacked it on all sides? What are *we* to expect, who are supposed to have kept alive the embers of a most destructive civil war in La Vendee, &c. &c.? What are *we* to expect, who have annihilated the trade of France, destroyed its fleets, eclipsed its glory, outshone it in the art of government, surpassed it in political wisdom and moderation, stopped the progress of its ambitious chief, outraged his pride, and, *unsupported*, boldly defied his power? Nations like individuals are capable both of envy and revenge.

Is it not a fact, that the French armies entered Holland as friends and allies; that

they levied the heaviest contributions there, compelled the Dutch to feed them, clothe them, pay them, and lodge them; and introduced every species of disorder, misery and licentiousness? Is it not a fact, that they officiously entered Swisserland under pretence of settling the government of that country to the satisfaction of its inhabitants; that they obtruded upon them a system of government in no respect suited either to their wishes or their interests; that they oppressed them, disarmed them, beggared them and almost starved them? Is it not a fact, that they entered Hanover for no other declared purpose than merely to occupy it; that they overturned the government of that country, pillaged its treasury, and compelled its inhabitants to supply them with food, clothes, pay, lodgings, and whatever else they might have occasion for? Is it not a fact, that the government of France, under all its changes, has been uniformly actuated by a spirit of am-

bition, *never* by a spirit of true liberty? Is it not a fact, that it insidiously announced itself the champion of the oppressed, the defender of liberty and the assertor of the rights of man, for the sole purpose of facilitating the admission of its disorderly armies into other countries? Is it not a fact, that no French army ever yet introduced liberty into any country, but instead of liberty, slavery; and not slavery alone, but poverty and profligacy, misery and misrule? Is it not a fact, that the tyrant Buonaparte, every where victorious at land, has long ceased even to talk of Liberty; and has successfully endeavoured to extinguish even the notion of it amongst his dastardly subjects? Is it not a fact, that their properties and their lives are at his disposal? Is it not a fact, that no man in France dares to act, write, speak, or even read but as the Tyrant pleases? Is it not a fact, that the people of France of all descriptions have been pillaged to support its

armies? Is it not a fact, that the people of France have been forcibly compelled to serve in its armies, as well abroad as at home; in the West Indies as well as in Europe; not for the noble purpose of defending their country, but for the purpose of gratifying the inordinate ambition of its Ruler? Is it not a fact, that numbers who manifested a determination to resist his imperious mandate have been inhumanly butchered? Is it not a fact, that many French soldiers have been instantly, and without trial, shot for even attempting to murmur on their march? Is it not a fact, that one part of a French army was ordered to fire grape-shot on another to force it to advance against the enemy? Is it not a fact, that several thousand sick and wounded French soldiers were poisoned by order of their General, because they appeared likely to become an incumbrance to him? Are not all these facts recorded, admitted, and beyond contradiction?

Does there then exist a single Briton so degenerate as to submit to such tyranny, such ruthless tyranny as this? Does there exist a single Briton so besotted as to believe that his countrymen would fare better, in the event of a successful invasion, than the *allies*, the *unoffending neighbours*, the *unresisting enemies*, the people, the soldiers of France? Does there exist a single Briton so utterly incapable of reflection as not to be fully persuaded that, in such event, the sufferings of his countrymen would be, *beyond* all *comparison*, more intolerable than theirs?

It is not enough to say that our nobility and gentry would be spoiled of their properties, degraded from their stations, and turned out of their native country to seek a precarious subsistence in a foreign land. Did not the same ranks in France experience this treatment from the rapacious, revengeful, revolutionary government of that country? It is not enough to say that our merchants and manufac-

turers, let their principles be what they may, would have their storehouses and warehouses pillaged, and be themselves imprisoned and tormented until they disclosed their riches, and surrendered them to their needy avaricious conquerors. Did not the same ranks in France, denounced as rich egotists and capitalists, experience similar treatment? It is not enough to say that our farmers would be required to furnish their corn, their provisions, and their best horses, at whatever prices French generals were pleased to fix on them, besides being exposed to a variety of other outrages. Did not the farmers of France experience this treatment? It is not enough to say that our towns-people of all descriptions would be compelled to accommodate multitudes of disorderly French soldiers; to give up to them their best rooms and their best beds; to acquiesce in their rapacity, tolerate their insolence, and connive at their unbounded

licentiousness. Has not this been the case in all the countries which the French have entered? It is not enough to say that our trades-people, our shoe-makers, tailors, hatters, stocking-weavers, smiths, and others, would be compelled to work for the French armies at half-price or less, while themselves and their families were in a starving condition. Has not this also been the case in all the countries which the French have entered? It is not enough to say that our ploughmen, our carters, and our servants, would be compelled to act as pioneers to the French, to drag their cannons, and work in their intrenchments, without pay, with no better bed to lie on than a truss of dirty straw, and no better food than a crust of mouldy bread, or the stinking offals thrown from the French camps; or forced to enlist in the French armies, (yes, Englishmen, forced to enlist in the *French armies*) exposed to the misery and hard-

ships of a French soldier's life; torn *for ever* from their native country, (the happiest in the world); from their parents, friends, children, wives, or sweethearts, or inhumanly butchered if they shewed the least inclination to disobey the cruel orders of their vindictive conquerors. Are not all these the *ordinary* effects of French fraternity and French domination? It is not enough then to say all this; No! May we not expect that every bloody, every hellish expedient, would be resorted to, in order to subdue the daring spirits of Englishmen, root out their noble principles, and change their generous natures? May we not expect that the merciless infidel, Buonaparte, following the maxims of his jacobin predecessor, Robespierre, would transport or massacre one half of the people of England for the purpose of tyrannizing the more easily over the rest; and that the streets of London and Liverpool

would be deluged with blood, as those of Paris and Lyons were?

Is it not then better, is it not ten thousand times better, to risk a glorious, a virtuous death in the field, than to expose ourselves to oppressions, vexations, insults, torments, slavery without end? Yes! I think I hear thousands of bold, free-born, honest-hearted, high-spirited Britons loudly answering with one voice, YES! Let the boasting tyrant come on then with his ragged ruffians. He will find neither disunited Dutch, disheartened Swiss, nor yielding Hanoverians here. He will find in this land multitudes of united Britons, who know the value of true liberty, and have true courage to defend it. He will find here the countrymen, the kinsmen, the brothers of those heroes, who so lately fought and conquered under Howe, St. Vincent, Duncan, Nelson, Abercrombie, Hutchinson, and that distinguished officer, who is *at least* equal

to Buonaparte himself in prowess, alacrity, and address, and who infinitely surpasses him in magnanimity, and all the other virtues which should adorn the character of a hero: need I tell my countrymen, need I tell the officers of the British navy, or the officers of the British army, that I mean Sir Sydney Smith?—He will find the courage of our men, like that of our game-cocks and bull-dogs, *invincible*. He will find here thousands, hundreds of thousands, ready to shed every drop of blood in their bodies in defence of a King, under whose mild, equitable, paternal, auspicious government, millions have uninterruptedly enjoyed all the blessings of social life. He will find this island, so renowned through the universe for humanity, morality, and rational liberty, effectually protected by the potent arm of that GOD whom he has so often blasphemously outraged and incensed.

Fortune seldom follows her votaries to

the grave. The career of the Usurper will soon be stopped. The admiring world will soon see that it was reserved for Britons alone to tear the laurels from his brow, humble his pride, extinguish his glory, and prostrate his power for ever.

Let us then, my Countrymen, prepare in time to do our duty as becomes us. Let us prepare for that great work which it seems the ALMIGHTY has destined us to perform. Let every man employ in the defence of his country whatever talents he may happen to possess. Let him employ them instantly and incessantly:

" Let's take the instant by the forward top;
——For on our quick'st decrees
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them."

Let every man suspend both his business and his pleasures. Let every man turn all his thoughts on the destruction of French robbers, ravishers, murderers, and tyrants.

Let every man act as if he thought the glory of Old England, the happiness, the liberty, the lives of all who are dear to him, depended on his exertions, and *we must be* victorious.

Lib. 11 282

——Ultro occurramus ad undam,
Dum trepidi, egressisque labant vestigia prima.
Audentes fortuna juvat.

Virgil.

In the name of GOD, I say, let *every* man *now* show himself a *true* Briton.

THE END.

C. and R. Baldwin, Printers,
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